

## Can I Get An Iced Vanilla Latte Extra Whip?

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## Can I Get An Iced Vanilla Latte Extra Whip?

by [aasslidd](#)

### Summary

And yes, George knew the coffee shop was understaffed, but he didn't think much of it until his manager announced that a new partner was coming in from another store.

George definitely didn't expect a tall, dirty-blond, tan, fucking handsome man to walk in on their next shift, introducing himself as Dream.

or

George hates Dream, but ends up getting fucked by him on the counter.

### Notes

dnf smutshot for smut practice and because DNF BRAINROT!!!! poggers  
enjoy!! :D

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

George didn't necessarily *hate* his job. He just hated the backaches he got after five hours of standing, the way his feet felt like they were on fire from moving constantly, the man who yelled at him just because they didn't brew any more Breakfast Blends after 10:00 am.

But, George loved coffee, and who didn't? He cherished the sweet taste of iced coffee and the way it so smoothly passed down his throat after getting up at the crack of dawn to make it on time for the morning shift. And don't even get him started on the apple juice they kept in the break room.

He also loved his coworkers. Karl was sweet and loud, always alive and bright, even at five-thirty in the morning before he had his coffee. George admired his easy-going persona and his ability to make everyone feel included.

Wilbur was laid back just like George, calm and collected. His memory of every beverage was impeccable and he was the quickest at making drinks. If George ever forgot how many pumps of mocha to put into an iced White Mocha, Wilbur would tell him without any hesitation. Wilbur was also goofy in his own way, and George always laughed hard at his dry humor and craziness after he had his first blonde Americano. He seemed to bounce off the walls after his coffee, and that never failed to amuse George.

And yes, George knew the coffee shop was understaffed, but he didn't think much of it until his manager announced that a new partner was coming in from another store. George shrugged off the excitement and left Karl to it, who had already balled his fists at his chest with a huge smile on his face.

George definitely didn't expect a tall, dirty-blond, tan, fucking *handsome* man to walk in on their next shift, introducing himself as Dream. George thought it was a stupid name, which couldn't possibly have been given to him at birth. Though, he *almost* forgot to care when Dream ran a huge, freckled, muscular hand through his messy golden locks and laughed softly, his eyes crinkling with the upturn of his cheeks.

While George did *not* want his stomach to do multiple backflips, it did so anyway, and his cheeks grew warmer than usual.

"Nobody's really asked me about my name before," Dream laughed, his eyes a blinding yellow (maybe green) color that hurt to look at too long. George watched the way his freckles moved with his sunburnt cheeks as he smiled, it was really pretty.

It made George huff, narrow his eyes and cross his arms grumpily. He shot him a glare and stood up taller nearly, just *barely*, raising his eyes to Dream's neck rather than his collarbone.

He was hoping his intimidating stance would knock Dream's *real name* out of his mouth.

Dream noticed his demeanor and smiled wider, giggling some more. It was *patronizing*, and George hated his stupid face.

George didn't say anything, and he didn't have to, because Dream spoke first.

The new barista held his hands up in surrender. "You got me, Dream is a nickname, but I would rather you call me that."

George blew a wisp of hair angrily out of his face and turned on his heel without another word.

Karl and Wilbur were in the break room when George came stomping in, crashing heavily onto an office chair beside Wilbur, who was chewing on a pair of scissors and leaning against the wall.

"What's with you?" Wilbur asked over the scissors in his teeth. Karl turned his attention to George as well, raising an innocent eyebrow.

George rolled his eyes. "New guy's an arsehole."

Karl visibly perked up, gasping dramatically and jumping to his feet. "He's here?"

George waved Karl off. "Yeah, but don't get too excited. He's a weirdo."

Wilbur laughed, dropping the blue pair of scissors onto the desktop beside him. "George, I think you're being stubborn."

"No!" George defended, straightening himself in his seat. "His name is fucking *Dream*, what kind of name is that? He's weird, and stuck up and—"

Wilbur cut him off with a laugh, thumping his head back against the wall. "Oh, George. Leave the poor man alone, give him a chance."

George shrugged and pulled out his phone, still scowling at the sheer thought of this '*Dream*' guy working alongside him. Karl was practically exploding in his seat next to George, and he didn't want to look up, knowing Karl's pleading eyes would be staring into his soul practically *begging* him to introduce the new guy.

Wilbur pushed himself off the wall. "Come on Karl, let's go meet this '*arsehole*.' "

Wilbur walked behind George, patting him on the shoulder as he passed. George looked up from his phone to give Wilbur a look that meant '*thank you for taking one for the team I don't want to be nice today*,' and Wilbur understood every unspoken word of it.

Karl leaped up and began to skip out of the break room, Wilbur following close behind.

George sighed, checking how much time he had left until the store opened.

5:25 am

*Fuck*, this was going to suck.

---

George had to work until closing. Of course, he didn't *want* to, but once again, he knew they were understaffed, and that's why Dream was here.

Dream was clumsy and unreasonably large. Not in the way that's unattractive, though. Large in the way that his extravagant, muscular figure took up most of the bar space and made it hard for George to squeeze past and maneuver the area. Making it difficult for George to do his fucking *job* and make drinks.

Along with his stupidly big, *really* hot body, came the clumsiness. Dream would knock drinks over with his elbows that were crowding the bar space. He would try to carry too many drinks at a time and squeeze one too hard, causing it to explode in his hand.

Dream worked *too* fast, just like Wilbur, but the blond wasn't as elegant and precise as Will. He

forgot to finish drinks, moving onto the next one too soon, failed to cap cups correctly, didn't fill the coffees to the top, and sometimes forgot a shot or two.

Dream always cursed under his breath whenever he fucked up a drink, and George hated the way his cheeks burned at the sound of Dream's profound words.

George had to take the repercussions for all of his mistakes, having to calm down angry customers that got soy milk instead of almond.

"Dream, would you fucking move?" George growled, carrying two hot drinks in both of his hands, trying to get to a solid surface to place them down before his skin melted off.

"Sorry, one sec," Dream mumbled, finishing up a drink by topping it with whipped cream. George groaned, pushing around Dream's back and squeezing into the crevice between the taller and the metal countertop. Bringing the coffees down onto the counter, George let out a sigh of relief as his hands began to cool off once in contact with the brisk air.

He turned around to get another drink started when Dream's chest hit him in the face. Dream stood tall in front of him, towering over and smiling down at him mockingly. It made George feel small and fragile, and he *hated* it. He hated the way the close proximity made his stomach twist and his knees buckle, threatening to betray him and stop supporting his weight.

"Excuse me," Dream said, quiet and low, smirking down at George. The rasp in the voice made George keen, and he couldn't stand it. He felt his cheeks begin to warm and quickly broke free of Dream's bright yellow gaze to move out of his way. He stumbled over to where Karl was washing dishes to inform him he was off to use the bathroom. Karl mutely nodded, not taking his eyes off of the dishes as George ran away to the restroom.

He closed and locked the door behind him with quick hands, leaning his body against the ceramic of the bathroom sink, and staring at his bright red features.

George didn't even want to *think* about the warmth that spread from the butterflies in his stomach — to something much more dangerous and deeper.

He splashed water on his face and scolded himself in the mirror. The *hell* was wrong with him? He couldn't pull himself together when a strong, pretty boy was in his presence? *Really?*

George was ashamed of the way his cheeks flushed when he visualized Dream's enormous body encasing him against the counter.

Maybe, in a different universe, Dream would've taken him right there. Maybe, George would've dropped to his knees at that moment and Dream would've let him.

George groaned in defeat and made his way back out into the store.

---

Yeah, maybe George was a *little* pissed that he had to take his lunch with Dream while Karl and Wilbur worked out front. Just *maybe* he was a little obvious about it as well.

He slurped his iced Vanilla Latte harshly, eyeing the top of Dream's hair like he could burn the

golden locks right off with just his hateful glare. Dream must've felt George's eyes on him because he looked up from his phone with a half-smile that made George feel a little mushy.

*Gross.*

"Hello," Dream smiled, turning off his phone and placing it on his lap to show his full attention was on George. George just slurped his drink harder and tried to make the most intimidating face he could.

Dream laughed. George's hard gaze faltered.

"How old are you?" George asked around his straw.

Dream raised his eyebrows and smiled cockily. "Oh? You're speaking to me?"

"Answer the question," George ordered, trying to keep his features straight and severe.

"I'm 21."

"I'm older than you."

"Yeah?"

George's cheeks flushed. Why? He didn't know. Probably the way Dream smiled lopsided and dropped an octave in his voice when he said that.

Only because Dream's sudden voice change caught him off guard. *Not* because it was hot — because it *wasn't*.

"Yeah," George huffed, turning away from Dream's snarky face and hiding his blush, miserably continuing his act of looking '*threatening*.' "I'm 24."

"You a senior?" George nodded, still staring daggers at the wall. "Cool, I'm a sophomore. I'm assuming you and your buddies go to the college around the corner like me?" George nodded again, his eyes narrowing in a way he hoped was intimidating. Though, he was just looking at the wall.

Maybe the wall was scared of him. He hoped it was.

Of course, Dream transferred to the shop that was near his school, that's what George did. And Wilbur, and Karl. But for some reason, George was annoyed with Dream for copying him in some way.

George hated Dream's voice, obviously, and he wanted to hear more of it. "What major?" He didn't know why he spoke, why he asked that, but he did and it was out in the tense air between them. No going back, he was going to have a conversation with Dream.

"Computer science. How about you?" Dream prodded, clearly wanting to continue the conversation more than George.

George perked up slightly. "Same."

It was weird that they had that similarity, but George didn't want to dwell on it.

But he did. He did dwell on it.

"Why'd you choose that major?" George asked quietly, not really sure why he was talking to Dream so much when he just didn't want to *at all*.

"I like gaming and coding a lot and just wanted to do something I'm used to," Dream replied, slumping down more comfortably in his seat.

George tried his hardest to keep a straight face when Dream mentioned coding. "I like coding too. And gaming, I guess."

Dream smiled and tilted his head softly like a puppy who just saw a treat. "Seems like we have a lot in common."

"More than I'd like to admit, yeah," George shrugged, internally losing his mind at the weird apprehensiveness clouding the air around them.

"What's your favorite video game?" Dream questioned, George didn't want to answer.

But he did anyway.

"Minecraft."

Dream's eyes grew wider. "You're messing with me at this point."

"What?" George was confused at how happy the blond looked, and he wanted to ki-- *slap* the look right off his face.

"That's my all-time favorite game."

George rolled his eyes and fought back a grin. "You're copying me."

"I swear," Dream chuckled, his eyes smiling with his lips.

It was completely unfair how it made the corners of George's mouth lift. It was completely unfair that Dream's smile and little wheezes of laughter were contagious. George hated it.

"George, come here computer nerd! Help us fix the broken cameras," Karl called for him outside of the break room, and George had never felt such a bittersweet mix of wanting to go back to work so desperately -- but *not* wanting to go to work in exchange for talking to Dream more and learning about his hobbies.

"Broken cameras?" Dream repeated, confused.

"I'm the only one techy enough to know how to fix them," George sighed. "Well, until now, I guess."

"Go fix 'em then."

George hummed in thought. "No."

--

George began to clock out at 7:35 pm, punching in his work ID on the little iPad that hung against

the wall. Dream showed up beside him, washing his hands in the tiny metal sink to his left and shooting a smile his way. George cringed externally and swooned internally. The faucet shut off with a squeak and George was suddenly hyper-aware of how long he had been clocking out. Dream's eyes bore holes into his back as he tapped the buttons, sloppily messing up every now and then, much too conscious of the man behind him.

Already annoyed by the fact that he had been working for nearly 37 more minutes, George turned to make his leave, only to be stopped by a large arm caging him against the wall.

Dream was perilously close to George, and he could feel the blush already creeping high onto his face. He hoped Dream couldn't see the pink that crossed his cheeks in the dim light of the break room.

"Can you help me?" Dream asked, his voice low and raspy just like before when Dream had George pinned against *another* solid surface. "I've never done this before."

"Uhm, y-yeah," George stuttered, whipping back around and facing the iPad to punch in for Dream. "What's your ID?"

Dream told him. He told George all the numbers in that stupidly hot voice of his and it made George's hand wobbly as he typed. He hoped the lighting was doing him justice as his hand shook vigorously while tapping the buttons.

"All done," George muttered, turning back around to see he was no longer trapped against Dream. George timidly looked up at the taller, seeing him smiling from ear to ear, causing his chest to fill with flutters.

"Thank you," Dream whispered into George's space. *Way* too close in his space.

And his *voice*. His goddamn, *sexy voice*.

In a hurry, George nodded probably too many times and left, meeting Karl at the front to leave with the ring of the entrance bell.

Karl and George stepped out into the cool early evening air, the pink and orange hues of the sun just beginning to fade into deep blue.

"You know," Karl started, staring idly into the distance, arms wrapped around his bunched up apron placed snug to his chest, "Dream's really *not* an asshole, he's actually nice."

George scoffed. "Whatever, I think he's an arsehole."

Karl laughed lightly, turning his careless and soft gaze to George. "I think that's just you, George."

George rolled his eyes and pouted, watching the sun dip in the distance and definitely not thinking about Dream.

---

George was the first to arrive at work, of course. Karl had most likely slept through his alarm again and Wilbur probably just didn't care enough to be in a rush. George didn't mind, though; he made

himself a coffee and plopped down on the couch in the main area of the shop. Although he probably should've started unpacking pastries and wiping down the countertops, his coffee was *oh so inviting*, and Twitter was so much more interesting than dirty counters.

When a bell rang out across the store, George glanced up slowly from his phone, expecting to see Wilbur or Karl. However, he was greeted by a golden gaze and warm smile. George sighed and returned to his Twitter feed.

Dream just laughed. "Good morning to you too, George."

George didn't acknowledge him, instead savoring his coffee. From behind his phone, he watched Dream's footsteps until they disappeared behind the counter. The squeak of the faucet forced his gaze up a little more, catching a glimpse of Dream lathering his hands with soap and rinsing them with hot water in the sink.

George definitely didn't want to watch the way the soap dripped off his large hands and the way the water accentuated the veins and tendons in his hands. He *definitely* didn't want to watch, but he also couldn't look away. George simply blamed it on his drowsiness and the fact that his coffee hadn't exactly kicked in yet.

And if Dream noticed him staring at his godly hands, he didn't say anything.

"Whatcha got there?" Dream smiled, snapping George out of his trance. A blush developed on his cheeks at the feeling of being caught, and he averted his gaze away from him, hoping to look as nonchalant and uncaring as possible.

"Uhm," George steadied his voice, trying his best not to stutter in embarrassment, "an iced Vanilla Latte."

"Iced? It's like zero degrees out," Dream chuckled, making his way around the counter to lean against the register across from George.

"Well, it's warm in here, isn't it?" George replied, trying his best to look busy on his phone when in reality he was just scrolling aimlessly, not paying attention to anything but the burning feeling of Dream's eyes on him.

Dream sighed, and George could hear his smile. After some shuffling, George could see Dream's feet, and he had to fight every fiber of his being not to look up at him.

He failed, of course.

Dream looked much taller and bigger from the position George was in, and it made his stomach tumble. "What?"

Dream smiled that *stupid*, pretty, lopsided smile -- and George's heart soared. "Can I have a sip?"

George hesitated and searched Dream's face for a second, but evidently gave in, not being able to say no to that terribly cute smile of his. He lifted his drink so Dream could take it, but the blond didn't grab it. Instead, he leaned down, wrapping his fingers around George's own and took the straw into his mouth. He didn't take his eyes off of George for a single second, maintaining a deep stare that made George feel hot and completely out of it.

Dream's eyes lowered slightly, seductively, and George swallowed around a pit in his throat suddenly blocking his airway. His skin burned where it was engulfed by Dream's big fingers -- his mouth watered as he watched Dream's Adam's apple bob -- his body trembled as he stared at

Dream's half-lidded gaze. The small act left him speechless, completely fucked up, and in awe.

And George had every unholy thought that one could think of.

Dream retracted his mouth from the straw, smiling, never once breaking eye contact with George, who was slowly unraveling into a mere shell of a person. "It's sweet."

"Y-yeah," George spluttered, trying his hardest to remember proper English, "I-I like sweet."

Dream's smile stretched wider. "I wouldn't expect anything less."

"What the hell does that mean?" George snapped, blushing hard. Dream turned on his heel, cocking his head back to eye George with a shit-eating smirk.

"You're blushing."

George slapped his right hand to his face, feeling how hot his cheeks were, the other hand frozen in air squeezing his coffee exceptionally hard.

"Fuck you."

Dream laughed, then returned to behind the counter.

--

The morning rush was always harder on Mondays. Everyone was hurrying in, wanting a coffee before the workweek *actually* started. Along with the Monday rush, the '*Monday Grumpies*' -- as Karl called them -- always found their way into the cafe. It was annoying, sure, but George really had no fucks left to give to the Grumpies who hated their lives. He just sat there and took what they spat at him.

"I wanted hot, not *warm!* Remake this!" A middle-aged bald man yelled at George. The Brit just nodded, so obviously over it, and returned to the bar to remake the drink.

"Karl, can you go to register for a second? I have to deal with a Grumpy," George yelled over the loud chatter of the store. Karl nodded and sped over to the register.

After closing his eyes for a moment and taking a deep breath, George returned to the problem at hand, occupying his place next to Dream at the bar. He didn't look at Dream, but he didn't need to — he could feel sharp eyes on him already. He frowned, reaching for the soy milk, simply doing his job.

Dream watched.

"Are you making the same drink?" Dream asked, pouring ice into a finished coffee.

George sighed. "Yeah, a fucking Grumpy didn't get the correct level of *warmth.*" George rolled his shoulders back and cracked the tension out of his neck. Dream looked over George's head, scanning the floor for the angry man tapping his foot and scowling at his watch.

"Which one?" Dream asked.

"I'm sure you can tell." And Dream *could* tell; he scoffed, shaking his head and chuckling softly with an air of annoyance.

"He's bald, so he gets no rights."

George didn't want to laugh, but he did, and *god* he hated himself for doing so. His open laughter was deplorable at such a small, useless joke -- but George was stressed, sort of loopy, and just needed a laugh. So he let himself, dropping the soy milk back onto the counter, smiling ear to ear with a breathy laugh and shake of his head.

"You're so dumb," George snickered, looking up at Dream to see that he was already looking back at him with an equally strong smile. Dream studied him for a second, and George blushed, looking back down at the drink he's supposed to be making.

"You actually laughed at one of my jokes," Dream grinned. George blushed even more. "You know, your smile is really pretty."

George's stomach did ten backflips and he was almost *certain* he needed to call the fire department to put out the flames on his cheeks. "Thanks." He couldn't have said more if he wanted to, he felt way too high on the feeling of Dream's compliment. The feeling didn't die down, and he hated it.

He didn't really hate it, but he wanted to so badly.

Dream just hummed in response, and George felt like he was going to explode. He finished the drink and the old bald man left with another curse to George, but he couldn't have cared less, his mind completely flooded with thoughts of everything sweet.

*God, what was happening to him?*

"George, excuse me," Dream muttered from behind him. George jumped, about to apologize and move away — but his heart just about stopped when he felt warm, strong hands grab his waist. He was probably going to faint. George felt Dream's chest against his back as he slid past him and onto the other side, completely composed and unknowing of the absolute heart attack he just gave the brunet. He flinched, and Dream tightened his grip then released his hands from the smaller man's hips. "Sorry."

He could barely breathe after everything that just happened. His thoughts were only Dream.

*Dream, Dream, Dream.*

*Shit.*

He needed an escape route, fast, because his face was burning red hot and is psychically *hurt*. He muttered a quick 'it's okay' under his breath and practically ran over to Karl at the register.

"Karl, I got register now, thank you," George said, patting Karl on the back and taking over his position. Karl sighed in relief, giving him a quick 'thank you' and going back to washing the dishes. George hoped that neither his flushed cheeks nor the fact that he was clearly shaken up would be noticed by his customers.

Because what the *fuck*.

A week had passed since Dream's arrival and George could hardly take it. He wanted to resent Dream and his idiotic half-smile, but George stared at the blond too much not to notice the way his loopy smirk made his heart swell.

George would be passive to Dream in response to the butterflies swarming his stomach whenever he saw him. He would shove and push him just to feel the big, taut muscles under his fingertips. He would scoff at Dream's stupid jokes and half-arsed attempts at flirting, not wanting to admit it made him feel all floaty and warm. He didn't like Dream one bit, he actually hated him, very much.

And when Wilbur pointed out just how red George got after Dream laughed at his dry joke, he slapped his taller friend on the arm, who only giggled harder as the shade George's face deepened. When Karl asked why George didn't want to go on break with Dream, he told him it was because he had too much caffeine in his system to go and sit for thirty minutes. In reality, his back hurt like a bitch and he would've loved to take a break, but spending alone time with Dream made his stomach churn and his cheeks flush. He just couldn't.

George did not like Dream.

He did not like his lopsided smile, he did not like the way his freckles moved with his mouth, he did not like his golden honey hair, he did not like his pretty eyes, he did not like his sexy, deep, raspy voice, and he *did not fucking* like his large hands that were probably bigger than George's entire face.

And he definitely, *undoubtedly*, did not think of Dream when his hand was under his comforter, the other covering his mouth in an ocean of euphoria and scrunched up blankets.

He didn't.

"Hi, what can I get for you today?" George smiled at the customer in front of him. The man looked to be about George's age, he had big dark yellow eyes and a troubling, mysterious smirk on his face. George stared at him from behind his ring-adorned, painted black nails that sat against his cheek while he gazed at George up and down. The customer stopped at his name tag, his smirk growing wider as he read it.

"Hello, George," the man started, raising his eyes to look at George dead-on. "What a pretty name."

George blushed softly and cleared his throat. "Thank you. What can I get for you today?"

The man raised back up, standing straight and tall in front of George. "What's your favorite?"

"Iced Vanilla Latte," George answered, suddenly feeling a pair of eyes on the back of his head. He made no move to look behind him, knowing exactly what he would see.

"I'll have that then," the man answered, checking George out once more. "I'm Sapnap, by the way."

George opened his mouth to reply but was abruptly stopped by a large hand on his shoulder.

"George," Dream chimed in, "your turn on bar."

Initially, George turned around to tell Dream to fuck off and let him finish taking Sapnap's order, but he held his tongue when he noticed Dream's odd expression. He wasn't looking at George, he was staring straight ahead, with dark eyes and a scary frown, right at Sapnap. George decided not

to answer, merely shuffling away to the bar where Wilbur stood, eyeing him with the same confusion George felt himself.

"Everything alright?" Wilbur asked, shaking a refresher aggressively. George just shrugged and opened the fridge, beginning to work on the order that just printed out in front of him.

--

"What was your order?" Dream asked tensely, tapping on the computer in front of him.

The man scoffed and rolled his eyes. "If you hadn't barged in in the middle of my--"

"What's your name? Sapnap?" Dream interrupted, ticking his jaw and eyeing the man harshly. He nodded. "Alright, Sapnap," he spat, "was it an iced Vanilla Latte?" Dream grabbed a cup and wrote down that dumb name, practically slamming it on the counter.

"What's your problem, dude?" Sapnap sneered, crossing his arms over his chest. "I liked the other barista --*George* -- more."

Dream tapped Sapnap's order furiously into the computer, ringing him up quickly so he would fuck off.

"You think you could get his number for me," Sapnap asked, raising an eyebrow arrogantly. Dream could've crushed the computer with his death grip right then and there.

"That'll be \$4.25," Dream growled through closed teeth, sending another murderous glare Sapnap's way. Sapnap chuckled offhandedly, which made Dream want to punch his face in, and reached into his pocket to drop crumpled up dollars and coins onto the counter.

"Keep the change," Sapnap smirked, walking away from the counter. Dream could probably kill something.

--

"Sapnap!" George called out, placing the iced Vanilla Latte on the counter for pick up. Sapnap strutted up and grabbed his drink, grinning at George.

"Thanks, George," he said naturally, "is there any way I can get your number, pretty boy?"

George blushed. "Uh- well I'm not really supposed to give out personal information on the job--"

"C'mon," Sapnap prodded, "I won't tell." He smiled wickedly, and George blushed harder, caught between a rock and a hard place.

"Okay, well it's--"

"Take your drink and go, dude," Dream snapped, causing George to jerk around in shock at his sudden entrance.

"Dream what--"

Dream crossed his arms over his chest and looked about ready to explode. He clenched his jaw tightly and drew his eyebrows together in a brutal stare.

"Alright man, what is your problem?" Sapnap shot back, causing George to turn back towards the customer, noticing almost the exact same death look in his eyes directed at Dream.

*What the--*

"He's gotta do his job man, leave him alone," Dream said, scarily calm.

Sapnap laughed on edge and gestured to the nearly empty store. "Do his job to who?"

"Fuck off or I'll call the cops for harassment," Dream growled, his voice rising menacingly. Karl and Wilbur watched Dream's sudden angry outburst with trepidation, shooting George concerned looks. George stood still, completely in shock and confused in every way.

"Dream--" George tried again, only to be waved off by the blond who took a threatening step forward.

"Fucking Christ okay! I'll leave," Sapnap retaliated, raising his arms in defeat and slapping them back down on his pants. He grabbed his drink fiercely and narrowed his attention back onto George. "Sort your little boyfriend out, he's throwing a tantrum."

George was stunned as he watched Sapnap leave the store. He didn't dare look back at Dream, or Wilbur and Karl for that matter. He was extremely embarrassed and quite frankly, upset.

*What the hell was that about?*

Dream should know better than to fight with a customer like that, it's the first rule in food business.

Dream scoffed, moving away from behind him, leaving George listening intently to heavy footsteps until they were gone with the slam of a door. Finally, George managed to muster up enough strength to turn around and face his two completely astonished coworkers.

"What the fuck is he on about?" Wilbur asked, dropping the rag in his hand back onto the counter. Karl shifted where he was standing, clearly uncomfortable with the weird tension that still hung in the air. George glanced at his friends one more time, then at the slammed shut door, before letting his emotions completely overtake him.

He was *pissed*.

The shame on George's face as his hands trembled with pure rage and guilt rose in his stomach and sent him into a fit. "What a fucking *arsehole*."

George was told to go on a ten after that, but he didn't go into the break room with that *menace*, no, he stormed outside with heavy feet and threw himself inside of his car.

When Dream came back out from the break room ten minutes later, George had already finished sulking in his car, and he purposely ignored the blond, staying as far away from the man that took his place at the cash register as he could. Once or twice George had the feeling of being watched, but made absolutely no attempt to return the gaze he knew was piercing and bright yellow.

--

"Thanks for staying back for me, George," Wilbur said, smiling tiredly, "I really appreciate it, mate."

George shrugged. "Don't worry about it."

Karl skipped towards where they stood by the door and smiled quickly at Wilbur before turning to George.

"Text me when you get home safe, okay?" Karl beamed. George returned the smile with a nod.

Wilbur opened the door for them with a ring of a bell and waved back at George, Karl following suit.

And they were gone.

George sighed, knowing the night would be long, alone with Dream. George and Dream hadn't spoken since the weird incident with the flirty customer, but George was more than okay with that. Not only did he think he wouldn't be able to speak to Dream without stuttering terribly, but he was also extremely upset with him.

George was never wrong -- *Dream was an arsehole.*

So, when George began cleaning out the coffee machine and carrying it over to the sink, he got only a *little* pissed off at Dream, who had bumped into him and knocked the coffee beans out of George's hands to spill all over the floor.

"What the fuck!" George shouted furiously. Dream stopped in his tracks, not saying a word back to George's disheveled anger. George groaned in anguish and dropped to his knees, attempting to scoop the beans into his arms. "What is your problem?"

Dream finally spoke. "What is *your* problem?"

George stopped what he was doing and looked up at Dream with a terrible glare. "Me? You have been so rude today! Threatening a customer and just overall being a dickhead!"

Dream scowled right back, straightening his back and looming over George. "That guy was harassing you! I was doing you a favor. Plus, you've always had a problem with me, since the day I started here. What's that about, huh?"

"He was not harassing me!"

"Was too!"

George practically growled, giving up his effort to pick up the remainder of the coffee beans in return for standing up straight. He lifted his chin, attempting to come across intimidating, although Dream still hovered over him no matter how high he raised his shoulders. Their faces were inches apart, and George wanted to punch him right across the face. It would probably be the most satisfying thing ever.

"Fuck you. I hate you," George spat, raising a finger to poke at the taller's chest.

"Feeling's mutual."

And they were kissing. Dream practically lept at George with passionate force, capturing his mouth without a second thought. George kissed back without hesitation, licking and biting into the other's mouth. Dream's momentum pushed them against the edge of the metal countertop, and George leaned against it, using his weight to push back into the kiss just as hard as the blond was. And when Dream bit George's bottom lip, he saw stars. His skin warmed with shooting arousal and his head spun into the kiss, melting away all surroundings that weren't associated with Dream.

Dream wrapped his arms around George's middle and pulled him flush to his chest, causing the shorter man to gasp into his mouth involuntarily. George lifted his arms to Dream's neck, carding a hand through his honey locks and tugging without remorse.

It was all hatred and lust, all teeth and sloppy lewd noises, resolved sexual tension and everything within it. George reveled in it, taking every lick Dream gave him with a biting welcome.

Large, callused hands caressed George's waist carelessly and sent blood straight down to his dick. Dream pulled away with a whine from George, dipping his head into the older's neck and biting harshly. George's hand tensed where it was tangled in messy blond waves, whimpering softly as the bites were eased by open mouth kisses.

"Fuck you," George gasped, fluttering his eyes shut at the warm, wet, tickling feeling on his neck.

Dream laughed against George's skin. "Yeah?"

George felt fire erupt in his abdomen, and he pushed Dream back by the chest, sending him stumbling back against the countertop opposite of them. George grabbed the collar of Dream's shirt and pulled him down for another kiss, pushing into his mouth with intensity and fervent. Grabbing his waist again, Dream pulled George forward until they were so close they seemed conjoined. The sudden grazing of their clothed dicks induced a deep moan from Dream, allowing George to dive deeper into the kiss.

Dream didn't let him take control much longer, reaching around to grab George's ass and thrust him forward, grinding his cock against harsh fabric. George couldn't hold back a moan, which Dream took graciously, biting George's lip, nearly drawing blood, and pressing his tongue between swollen lips.

George broke the kiss, panting hot breath into Dream's equally breathless mouth, staring into the blond's lustful, dark gaze. Slivers of yellow were hardly noticeable circling his dark, blown-out pupils. And George thought he had never looked hotter.

Without breaking heavy eye contact, George dropped to his knees. The blond instantly turned red and wide-eyed, leaning back on the surface behind him.

"George what are you--"

"Tell me you don't want it, and I'll stop," George breathed, focusing his gaze down to the bulge that was sticking out against black jeans. When Dream didn't say anything, only letting out a shaky breath and threading his hand through George's hair, he reached for the clasps on Dream's pants. Undoing his button and zipper teasingly slow, George eyed Dream through half-lidded lashes, moving his hands elegantly.

Dream looked so very hot from this angle, and it was exactly the same as all of George's daydreams.

When the zipper was fully down, George yanked open the jeans and left them hanging off of the blond's hips. He ran a single finger along Dream's clothed erection, emitting a perfectly drawn-out exhale from the man above him. George knew how to tease, and he wasn't going to let up now, not with the man above him letting out *those* noises.

A slight bend in the back allowed the brunet to lean forward and let his hot breath drip onto the bulge in front of him. When the black boxers twitched slightly, George knew he was on the right track. He stuck out his particularly wet tongue, mixed with traces of Dream and lust, touching the dark material with it. He batted his eyes up at Dream and licked a long stripe against the already damp boxers. The hand Dream placed atop George's head tightened, his yellow eyes staring down at him greedily.

George made it his duty to ruin Dream over his pants. He pressed a light kiss to the soft blackness, poking his tongue out as a parting gift before lifting his hands up to grip at his hips. Dream pushed his hand down on George's head, trying to guide him back to his hardness, but George relented. He opened his mouth and leaned against Dream again, leaving a wet, hot, kiss in his tracks. Dream exhaled harshly, his hand tensing and untensing in George's already messed up hair.

George let his tongue fall out of his open mouth and onto Dream, swiping intently against the bitter-tasting fabric and giving Dream enough pleasure, but not a lot.

It was driving the blond mad.

When George pressed another open mouth kiss to Dream's cock, he thrust up into it, whining low in his throat. George had him right where he wanted him.

"Need something?" George teased, looking up at Dream in a lustful manner. Dream was bright red, watching George wantonly. His leer made George shudder. Attempting to soften the glare of the taller's gaze, George flicked his tongue out at the man, tasting the bitter cloth once more.

And it worked right away.

Dream's eyes fluttered at the sensation, and his mouth dropped open slightly in a soft pant. He thrust his hips again, harder into George's open lips. Dream was leaking and aching, wordlessly begging for more, and who was George to deny him?

He trailed his fingertips along Dream's hips and to the waistband of his boxers, connecting eyes, and swiftly pulling the fabric down. Dream's cock slapped hard against his stomach, huge and leaking. George ogled at it, breath hitching at the size and girth, his mouth watering at the precum that dripped lewdly down the side.

"God, you're huge," George moaned. Now it made sense why his ego was so big. The brunet couldn't help but stare — stare at the way it curved and leaked, how it was nearly glowing a deep, angry red color. George was infatuated, and Dream was impatient.

The man towering over George snaked his free hand down and gripped his own leaking cock, stroking it once, twice, then guiding it towards George's mouth. George whimpered, allowing Dream to smear himself across his soft lips. George let his eyes fall shut, opening his mouth and allowing Dream to guide himself into his tight, warm mouth.

Dream groaned, his hand going tight in George's hair and pulling, making the brunet moan around his cock. His eyes fluttered upwards at Dream, watching the man grit his teeth in an attempt not to lose control, before sinking down onto his length.

The sight above him was mesmerizing. Dream threw his head back with wide-open lips as he groaned. It was truly a sight for the heavens, his face split into searing pleasure, all because of George. He was encouraged, swiping his tongue against the base and allowing Dream's cock to slide down his throat as far as he could.

He sucked back up to the tip, licking circles around the sensitive head, then pulling off with a lewd slurping noise, replacing his hand for his lips. He pumped up and down slowly, appreciating the heavy amounts of spit and precum that allowed him to guide his hand swiftly. George eyed Dream with lust, yellow eyes meeting brown, and stuck out his tongue to lath at the leaking head.

The sound Dream let out was animalistic -- predatory to say the least. His eyebrows furrowed together in pleasure as George continued to put on a show, kissing seductively along the tip.

Dream was still impatient.

When George opened his mouth to take Dream once more, the hand threaded in his hair tensed and pushed him down with enough force to make him gag. But he let him. Breathing carefully, he let Dream hold his head still as the cock in his mouth twitched against his throat. He moved his hands from Dream's hips to his inner thighs, stroking softly, making Dream stutter his hips slightly. George opted for light scratching along the skin, pulling a deep moan from the man above him and a hard thrust.

George tracked his nails lightly up and down Dream's inner thighs and relaxed his throat, giving Dream permission to use him however he pleased. Dream thrust again experimentally, pulling his hips back until just the tip of his dick was in George's mouth, then pushing back in until it hit the back of his throat. Dream moaned and George whined, and Dream took that as enough sanction to fuck his face.

George loved being used, having no control over how he choked or gagged, delighting in the burn that ached his mouth. Tears formed in the corners of his eyes as Dream pushed in once more, much harder than before. George hummed around his cock and swirled his tongue across the hilt, enjoying the weight of it on his tongue. He moaned, even though Dream had done nothing to pull it from him but stand there with his cock in his mouth.

*“Fuck, such a little cocksucker,”* Dream groaned, pulling his cock out of George’s mouth to rub it on his cheek, his nose, his lips. George whimpered, stretching his lips wider to encourage Dream to put it back in his mouth. “You want me to fuck your face that bad? Hm?”

George nodded, sticking his tongue out and closing his eyes, panting heavy breaths. He waited like that, his tongue lazing against his lips, trying to prompt Dream to thrash his throat. He didn’t know what was taking so long, but before he could open his eyes back up, he felt Dream against him again.

When Dream sank his cock back into his mouth, the brunet’s resolve completely crumbled, and he wanted control now. George wrapped both hands around the base, making up for the length he couldn’t take all the way down, and started pumping along with the movements of his mouth and tongue. When the tip of Dream’s cock hit the back of his throat, he felt high. He took him down with ease, enjoying every sound that protruded from Dream’s wet cock and the quiet noises coming from his lax mouth. George pushed on, taking Dream’s cock up and down as if his life depended on making the blond feel amazing.

“Fuck, you’re so good at this,” Dream moaned, throwing his head back in pure bliss. George hummed, sending electricity shooting through Dream’s veins and making him groan. George thrived on the noises coming from the man above him, enjoying the absolute mess he was making

and not giving a fuck about anything but making Dream cum. As he traced a particularly prominent vein with his tongue back up to the tip, he let his teeth graze ever so slightly, a punishment for being such a fucking prick earlier.

Dream hissed and yanked him up by the hair, emitting a cry from George as he was pulled to his feet. Dream leaned down, inches away from George's face, panting hot breaths into his mouth. Dream glared at George who narrowed his eyes with vehemence. Despite now being really turned on, he was still pissed.

"I'm gonna bend you over this counter and fuck the attitude out of you," Dream breathed, "got it?"

He swallowed nervously, dropping his act as though it had been slapped out of him, and nodded feverishly at the ground to escape Dream's angry stare. Dream smoothed out his hair with a soft pat and leaned forward to leave a delicate kiss on the shorter's forehead, a tenderness that contrasted his words and tugged at George's heart.

Even so, the moment passed when George was wheeled around and thrown against the metal counter of the coffee bar, whining at the shooting pain his stomach felt as it was forced against the ledge with strength. The pain and feeling of being completely manhandled made his dick jump in his pants, and he was a little afraid to admit it.

George's pants and boxers were removed in the blink of an eye as large hands pulled down on his waistband. George's breath caught as the cold air whipped across his sensitive skin, and he felt embarrassed as the younger slipped his bottom half of clothing off and onto the floor.

"Look at you," Dream said, voice low and raspy in a way that made George almost drop to his knees again. "All perfect for me."

"Stop staring and do something, dickhead!" George whined, sticking his ass out further towards the man.

A hand curled around George's throat, tugging him up until his back was flush against Dream's chest. Dream's free hand pushed against George's lips, curling his fingers into the smaller's mouth making him gasp.

"What was that, brat?" Dream pushed his fingers deeper into George's mouth, making him gag slightly at the force. "That's what I thought."

George used his tongue to browse Dream's fingers, enjoying both the taste of them as well as the way Dream was forcefully maneuvering him with his hands bigger than George's neck and mouth. Dream's grip around George's neck tightened on the sides, pressing on his pressure points in the most fantastic way. George was walking on air.

Dream readjusted his grip to the back of George's neck and pushed him down, *hard*, against the counter. George's face struck the metal with an audible slap and he moaned at the burning pain.

"You like that?" Dream asked, fingers still in George's mouth. He could only nod with zest, hoping that Dream would get the message and fuck him hard until it hurt. "Good boy."

George moaned at the name, arching his back unintentionally. Dream chuckled low at his desperation, placing a large, rough hand on his ass and squeezing. George tongued at the pads of Dream's fingers in his mouth with mirth, getting them completely drenched in spit.

Dream pulled his hand out of George's mouth harshly, expelling a soft whine of protest from the smaller, wanting the fingers to stay inside of his mouth. Dream's hands were magical, and George

wanted to praise them as much as he could.

Dream squeezed and kneaded his ass, pulling it to one side to reveal his tight ring of muscle. A whispered comment from Dream floated in George's ear, but the man was too wrapped up in the moment to hear. Similarly, he didn't expect two wet fingers to circle his hole without warning.

George moaned, arching his back so incredibly he was surprised at his own flexibility. The sensation made his body light up, and his dick ached worse where it was trapped against his stomach.

George went to go reach for his own aching hardness, but was horribly -- *wonderfully* -- interrupted when heat and wetness engulfed his hole.

"*Fuck!*" George yelled, twisting his body at an awkward angle to see -- low and behold -- Dream with his head dipped down between his cheeks, licking away with tenacity. The intensity of the moment made George's legs tremble, the feeling Dream's tongue so intimately against his body making him mushily numb.

Dream hummed into him, swiping spit against the ring of muscle and tightening his tongue until it was firm, jabbing it inside of him. In a state of utter exhilaration, George grabbed at the counter, scrambling to hold onto anything for support. His nails scraped against the metal, sending shock waves to his head and making him feel as if he was about to explode. The pleasure was almost excruciating, and George loved it.

"S-shit," George sobbed when Dream tightened his lips and sucked. It was entirely disgusting for Dream to be doing this, but *god* did he want him to never stop.

Dream drew back, fanning hot breath at George's entrance, keeping the incredible stimulation rolling. "You taste so good, Georgie." He dipped his head back down and licked into George fiercer than before.

George moaned at the praise and sensorial rapture, squirming beneath Dream's tortuous mouth and astounding movement. Dream lathed his saliva over George's hole, spreading warm wetness over it before driving his tongue into him, pushing it in and out, fucking him with his mouth.

George was in heaven, and he decided right then and there nothing *had ever* felt this good.

When Dream pulled off of George, the brunet whined miserably without meaning to, his hole tensing around what was Dream's tongue. The cool air hit his wet hole, making it seem even colder than before. He shivered and pushed his ass out intentionally, hoping Dream would return his warm mouth back on him.

But Dream did not, instead pressing a long finger into George's mouth. The smaller mewled, licking the digit in his mouth happily, panting soft breaths around it. When Dream reached up to wrap the other hand around George's neck and tilt his head back, George relaxed and let him do so. The large, tan hand made a home around George's pale skin, pressing softly and making George sob pathetically at the feeling.

Dream's hand retracted from his mouth and George tried to chase his fingers without hesitation, before realizing how absurd and desperate that must be. Dream laughed at George's pathetic eagerness, enjoying the way George silently begged for his fingers to gag on.

But, Dream had better plans.

He brought his spit slick fingers back around to George's ass and began circling the already wet

and dripping hole. George whined, feeling like his body was lightning and fire. And when Dream sunk one digit into George, he knew he was wrong before--

*This was the best feeling ever.*

Increasingly angular, his hips moved back, pushing Dream's finger in more and trying to convince him to move. He whined when the taller gripped his neck harder, using the extra leverage to pull George up until he was flat against his chest again. George moaned, Dream's finger hitting deeper at an entirely different angle. He dropped his head back onto Dream's shoulder, gasping into the blond's ear. He didn't miss the way the younger shuddered slightly when George breathed desperately against him, his fingers clenching tighter around his throat in turn.

"You like hearing me fall apart, don't you?" George breathed, breath hitching slightly when Dream's fingers twisted inside him. "You'll hear more if you fuck me."

"Patience, George." The way George's name flowed off his tongue like he was the only person to exist made him whine faintly, fluttering his eyes shut with the warmth that bloomed in his abdomen. George's name sounded good on Dream's lips.

"Fuck me properly," George repeated into Dream's ear. "I can take it."

Dream growled and pushed his finger in all the way, his knuckles meeting George's skin. George cried out in pleasure, the intrusion stinging behind his eyes, threatening to drip warm salty tears onto his cheeks. *God*, Dream's fingers were so much bigger than his own.

"More," George stuttered, finding any resolve to hold onto as Dream's second finger met his hole, pushing in slowly. George bit his lip and squeezed his eyes shut, the painful sting making his dick ache to be touched. He needed Dream to fuck him, *right now*.

*George* was impatient now.

George pushed his hips back against Dream's fingers earnestly, quietly giving permission to continue. The man behind him listened, removing his fingers virtually all the way with a long, slow drag, then pressing them harshly back in. A combination of pain and pleasure filled George's lungs as he cried out, making him scramble for something to clutch onto. Although, when George tried to lean forward to balance himself against the counter, Dream's hand around his throat tightened and held him where he was. Dream imitated his previous action, but this time much crueler, dragging his fingers quickly out of George and jamming them back in as punishment for trying to move away.

"Is it too much for you, hm?" Dream pulled his fingers out again, slamming them back into George with an audible smack.

George arched his back and cried out embarrassingly loud. "No." It was weak, and not convincing.

"No?" Dream mocked, rubbing a third finger against George's entrance, teasing it into him. "Is that what you said?"

George knew Dream heard him, and *god*, being an arsehole the way he was right now should *not* have made his dick jump the way it did.

"No -- not too much," George whined again, louder than before but still as shaky. Dream let his third finger slam into George along with the others, pulling a forlorn moan from him.

Dream's fingers pressed *hard* against the sides of George's neck. "Then *take it*."

And so, George did, crying miserably every time Dream jammed his fingers into George to stretch him open. Dream's hand hit every spot George could never reach, and it felt incredible. He didn't think anything of it as he moaned openly, letting filthy sobs filter past his lips, encouraging Dream to spread his fingers and open George up even more.

Although enjoyable, George needed Dream to fuck him. Right fucking now.

"For fucks sake, Dream," he panted out between soft moans. "Get on with it already."

And for the first time all day, it seemed like Dream listened to George. Without even agreeing verbally with the other, Dream pulled his fingers out of George's ass with a disgustingly lewd sound that made them both whimper slightly. George felt himself clench around nothing, meeting only air and cold wetness where Dream's fingers once were. He pushed his ass back, longing for something to fill him immediately.

Dream chuckled hautly, making George whine softly, his cocky laugh tormenting his mental restraints.

"So needy," Dream taunted. The sound of his voice burst through George's skin like molten that sent heat all over. In spite of himself, he couldn't deny that it made his dick leak, with his brain echoing Dream's hot voice as if he was repeating the words over and over.

George only nodded, pushing his ass against Dream's dick in agreement.

Yes, he was *needy*, because Dream was hot and he was horny.

George swallowed extra saliva brewing in his mouth, pleasantly surprised by the way his gulp felt restrained under Dream's hand that was still around his throat. He could feel the rapid beat of Dream's heart against his back, going about the same speed as George's, maybe even more.

Dream's hand around George's neck trailed up until it reached his mouth, parting his lips with his fingers. George let his lips fall open, expecting to take Dream's fingers back into his mouth -- he was *more* than okay with that. Dream, however, held out his hand palm up in front of George.

"Spit," Dream demanded. George did as Dream instructed, spitting into his palm without hesitation, earning a hearty hum in return. The tan hand disappeared behind George, and he strained his neck to follow it as it wrapped around Dream's hard cock, stroking up and down. Dream was following the movement of his own hand along with George, panting softly with a dropped open mouth. The sight turned George on even more. Dream was so very hot.

Yellow eyes met brown ones, and George was instantly forced back down onto the cold metal surface in front of him. Dream's calloused hand held his shoulder against the counter, preventing George from moving as the taller man shuffled a bit, eventually placing the tip of his dick against George. The older moaned and pressed back, hoping to entice Dream to hurry up and fuck him already.

And when Dream pushed into him slowly, the entire world collapsed around the both of them.

George groaned at the steady intrusion, focusing on the feeling of being filled so perfectly. Dream let out a low, near animalistic noise alongside George's needy ones, sinking in deeper and deeper into the smaller man before bottoming out.

Dream leaned forward with a shaky exhale, placing two large hands on either side of George, holding himself against the counter. "Fuck, you're so tight."

George whined, shutting his eyes and nodding into the metal, rotating his hips ever so slightly around Dream's length, sending shockwaves through his body. Dream inhaled, evening out his breathing pattern, and dragged his dick almost all the way out of George, shoving it back in with no poise.

George cried, body thumping against the edge of the counter with the strenuous lunge. Throbbing pain combined with soaring pleasure and heat ran through his bones, and George wanted all of it and more.

"Again," George whispered against the cold counter.

Dream pulled back out almost all the way, crashing back into George with practiced ease. A wonderful feeling swept over him once more, and he sobbed out wantonly.

"Again."

Dream slammed back into George once, twice, thrice, before picking up a slow and steady rhythm, ramming completely into the brunet. With every pound of Dream's hips, George's body was thrown forward slightly, the harshness of Dream's strokes doing a number on him. The blond's cock reached into what seemed like George's stomach, and it felt like everything magical. George's resolve was being broken with each amazing strike of Dream's hips, resulting in an ever decreasing level of self-control. George keened when Dream pulled out slowly again.

"Fuck me like you mean it," George snapped with a wavering tone.

And Dream did. Oh *did he*. He pound into George, eliciting an echo of skin to skin contact, and an incredibly loud cry from the brunet. The moment Dream ramped up the rhythm, George could feel every nerve in his body erupting with fire.

George was bashed relentlessly by Dream's hips, redness developing along his thighs every time skin met skin in a loud slap. His speed was brutal, and it was tearing George apart beautifully. He was drooling onto the bar at this point, his right cheek dragging up and down the metal with every drive of Dream's hips. His face hurt from the drag, but George didn't care one bit when Dream grazed over an entirely new spot inside of him.

"Fuck!" George screamed, whipping his head up from the counter at the violent arch of his back, placing his hands on either side of his body to hold himself upright. "Do that again -- *fuck!*"

George's sobs became impossibly louder as Dream grabbed George's waist and slid perfectly into his prostate. His fingers tensed against the counter, trying desperately to grasp anything in his fit of explosive bliss. His stomach felt tight with pleasure, his knees nearly giving out beneath him, his mind swarming with the glow of pure euphoria as Dream slammed into his prostate with nearly every thrust.

"You like that?" Dream panted, fingers digging into George's hips. George hoped he would leave bruises against his skin, wanting a reminder of how perfectly Dream fucked into him, wanting to never get this image out of his head. The experience was overwhelming, and George didn't even know how loud he was being -- his moans and screams unbridled without mind, but he did not care *at all*.

"Yes! Fuck, Dream-- *fuck!*" George shouted, a trail of long moans following his words.

"Yeah, that's right, baby." George mewled at the name, pushing his hips into Dream's strokes.  
"All mine, aren't you?"

George only moaned in response, but that clearly wasn't enough for Dream. George's head turned fuzzy with arousal after the aggressive blond moved his hand back to his neck and forced him up by it -- his back once more against Dream's chest. Dream kept fucking into George with fierceness, fingers pressed into the sides of George's throat. George felt his chest tighten suddenly with heat, the muscles in his abdomen contracting with the oxidizing thrill.

The angle was so, *so right*. Dream continued to pound ruthlessly into George's prostate, repeatedly thrusting against the bundle of sensitivity with every stroke. George swore he saw the white light of heaven.

"Dream, *ah!*!" The hand around his throat cut him off, tightening and making him choke on his own breath.

"Say you're mine," Dream roared into George's ear, never faltering his tortuous pace. The older man gritted his teeth, his eyes rolling back into his head. Apart from the few moans and sobs that escaped his bitten red lips, George remained silent.

Dream wasn't having *any* of it.

The blond leaned forward, hooking his chin over George's shoulder to gain better access to his cock, grasping it and squeezing slightly. George nearly screamed, letting his head fall against the larger's shoulder in jubilation.

"Say you're mine, and I'll let you cum," Dream demanded, his voice dripping with a ferocity that made George's cock leak more than it already was. George tensed up painfully, his back arching with strained muscles as the hand around his neck pressed harder.

"Fuck!" George cried, and Dream gripped his cock firmer. "I'm yours! All yours." Tears dripped from George's eyes as he shut them tight, and he let out a long, sustained cry. "*Yours, yours, yours.*"

"That's right," Dream breathed, his pounding hips becoming utterly paralyzing and lightning-fast, his hand around George's cock moving at the same speed. George screamed, reaching his hands up to wrap around the back of Dream's neck behind him, hanging on for dear life as his stomach twisted white-hot -- his dick aching sorely. His jaw slackened in a wide-open position that hurt so intensely it felt phenomenal, pants and moans falling out of his lips without hindrance.

"Yes, yes, yes," George babbled, words like prayers leaving his lips impetuously.

"Your mine, not that *stupid* fucking customer's," Dream panted, "wish he could see you right now -- *god* -- wish he could see me fucking your brains out."

George's toes curled in his shoes, his nails digging into his palms wrapped behind Dream's neck, his locked-jaw letting out one last long cry of pleasure before he was spilling hot stripes of cum all over the clean countertop. All over his own stomach, Dream's quick hand, and his recently made iced Vanilla Latte.

His entire body fucking *shook*, and George had never felt like he had died and come back to life before, but at this moment -- he might've believed there was a God. The corners of his vision blurred a blinding white before his eyes rolled completely back into his head without warning. His shaking legs failed beneath him, but Dream's hands held onto his waist tight.

"Fuck," Dream groaned shakily, his hips stuttering against George's lax body. George clenched around Dream unwillingly, forcing the blond's orgasm out of him. He came into him with one last

deep thrust, painting George's insides as deep as he could.

And *fuck* -- Dream's shaky cries were the most beautiful sounds George had ever heard in his life.

Dream moved in and out of George a few more times, chasing the high of his post-orgasm haze before dropping both of them onto the dirtied countertop. George's body hurt, his muscles ached and his throat scratched as he breathed.

He was *completely fucking wrecked*.

He panted on top of George, breathing into his messed-up hair, his chest rising and falling rapidly against the smaller's back. It soon became uncomfortable, the crushing weight of the man on top of him and the unpleasant feeling of his soft cock inside of him making George whine and squirm. Dream got the message, pulling out of George slowly and climbing off his back.

George was still shaking, his legs hardly holding him up against the counter. He couldn't move off of it if he tried, his arms stuck to the cold surface, along with his face.

"George?" Dream spoke up from behind him. George grunted in response, pulling a breathy chuckle from the younger. George groaned irritably and rolled his eyes, trying to figure out how the *hell* he was going to move.

Warm, strong arms wrapped around his waist before he could attempt anything, lifting him up off the counter and flipping him around. George stared at Dream for what felt like the first time in years, studying his fucked-out haze and the way he held onto George like he would slip away.

"You alright?" Dream chuckled softly, staring at George with an endearing expression that made him roll his eyes. "You're shaking."

"No shit, Sherlock," George huffed, crossing his arms over his chest. "Have you never satisfied a person before? 'Cause your acting like it."

Dream cocked an eyebrow and grinned. "Oh? So you're admitting you're satisfied?"

George blushed and averted his eyes away from him, finding the floor much more interesting than the smirking man in front of him. "Your annoying." Dream reached a finger under George's chin, lifting his head up until he was once again face to face with Dream's proud expression. George sighed. "But I guess your dick game is good."

Dream chuckled again, and George's insides melted as the taller pressed a gentle kiss to his forehead. He hoisted George on to the counter with strong arms, coaxing a small whine from the brunet who was still quite sore.

Tucking himself back in, Dream turned around in search for George's discarded clothes sprawled across the floor. George watched with rosy cheeks as Dream returned to him, sliding his pants back on swiftly.

"You're being mushy," George said, arms still crossed across his chest, cheeks glowing with heat. Dream just smiled as he lifted George's hips up to slide the fabric up over his arse.

"You wanna do it yourself?" Dream asked, his smile innocent. George rolled his eyes, reaching down to do up his zipper and button. Dream rested his hands on George's knees, leaning in probably far too close. But George didn't really care. Considering his dick was just up his arse a few seconds ago, the concept of personal space has been long forgotten.

When George looked back up, he noticed Dream's eyes were hardly yellow anymore, in place of black ones, making him sort of look like a puppy. His dopey half-smile that George had a love-hate relationship with was plastered across his face, and George decided maybe it was kind of okay.

The look in Dream's eyes was affection, George decided, and it made him want to scramble out of his arms and away from the soft-looking man as fast as possible. But he didn't, because he was staring right back at Dream with the same puppy-dog eyes.

*Oh shit.*

"I meant what I said, you know," Dream started after a long period of silent ogling. "I hope that customer comes back so he can see what's mine is mine." Dream tilted his head to the side, reaching up to poke at George's slightly bruised neck. Either from the tightness of Dream's fingers or ferocity of his teeth, the blond had marked George up well enough to notice.

"You're dumb," George sighed, ignoring the way Dream's words brought him a thrill, sending his stomach into a spin.

"Can we do this again sometime?" Dream asked, never breaking his admirable stare.

"No. Ew."

"George--"

"Fuck you."

And George kissed Dream.

## End Notes

twt: aassllddd

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